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Minneapolis, Irving School

THE IRVING SKETCH BOOK

REGULAR CLASS WORK OF THE CHILDREN
OF THE IRVING SCHOOL
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

DECEMBER, 1915

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MARY STEADMAN HOWE
Principal of Irving School

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no. 1.





DEDICATION

TO THOSE whose interests are forever centered upon us and our welfare,—to our Mothers,—we dedicate this book, as a small token of our undying love.

PREFACE

Gladys Anderson

VIII A

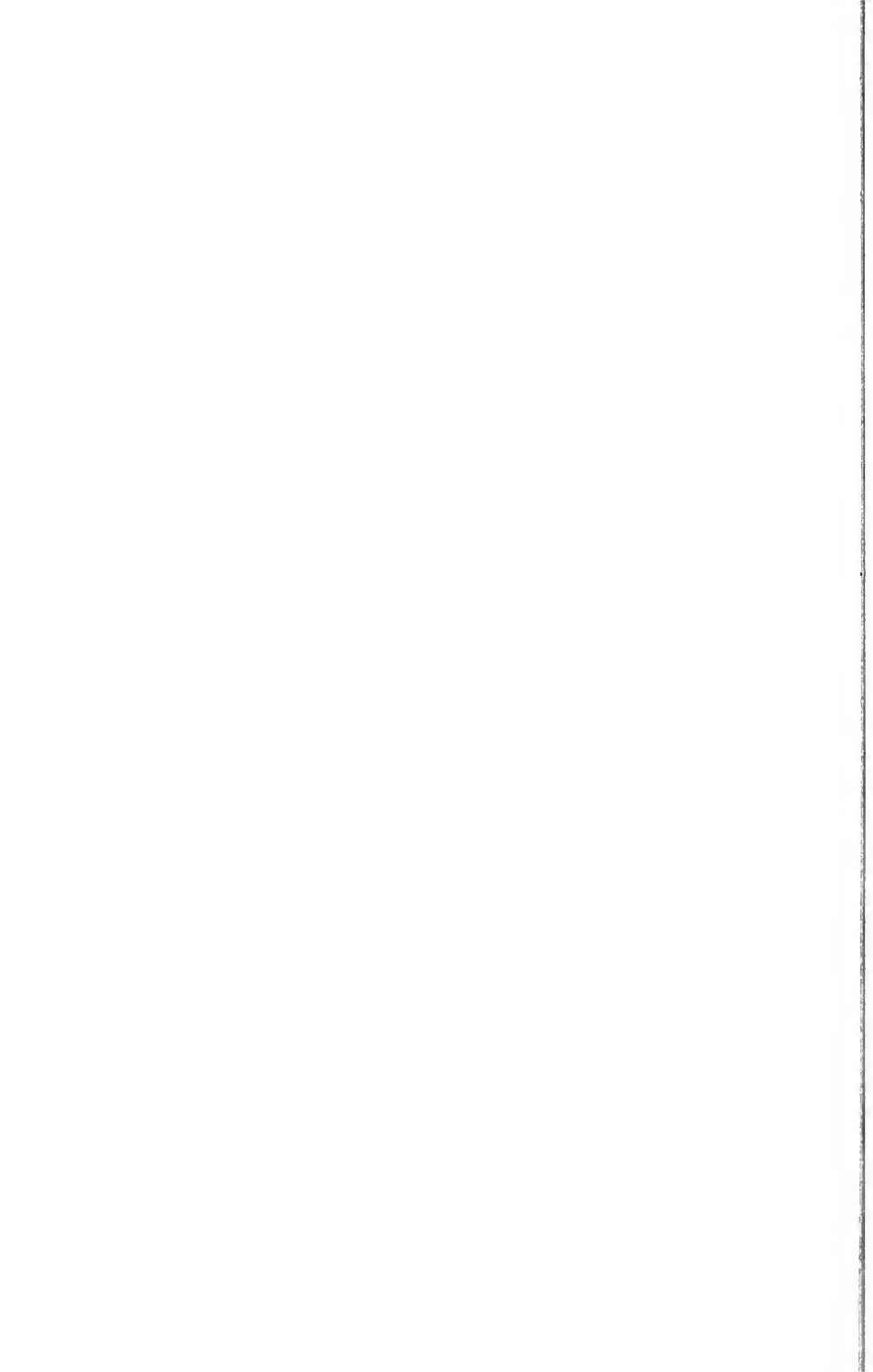
IN WRITING this book we have not endeavored to give a graphic history of the Irving School. The work here reproduced consists of writings selected at random from the various grades, and includes short stories, poems, descriptions and other compositions.

The mission of the book is to illustrate the work done in language in the different classes, ranging from the lowest to the highest grades inclusive, all selections being original.

We hope this book may not only prove interesting, but that it will convey the impression to the readers that our humble efforts have been sincere.

We wish to express our grateful thanks to Miss Catherine Bryce for her friendly help and valuable suggestions which have made this book possible.

Acknowledgements are here cheerfully made to Newson and Company, who have permitted the use of the pictures from the Aldine Language Books.



HOW OUR SCHOOL AND BOOK WERE NAMED

Emeline Gale

VIII A

OUR beautiful school could not have been given a better name than that of Irving, for was he not a famous American, who wrote famous stories for American boys and girls to read?

Best known of all his works is the "Sketch Book," with its quaint dreamy folk and alluring scenes. We have read with delight, yes, with awe, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," laughing at Ichabod and secretly sympathizing with Rip. This book has been the source of inspiration for many a composition, whether description or tale.

So, as our fathers saw fit to perpetuate the name of Washington Irving in the public schools throughout the land, we hope it will not be presuming on our part, to name our first modest book after his famous "Sketch Book."

Should Washington Irving awaken from his peaceful sleep, like his most famous character, Rip Van Winkle, we think he would be happy to know that in far away Minneapolis there is an Irving School and, what is more, there is an "Irving Sketch Book."

IRVING SCHOOL

Marian Morris

VIII E

I is for ideal and Irving's that kind,
For not much in our school that's not right
you'll find;

R is for recklessness of which we have none,
We never are rough but we always have fun;

V is for vacation, merry and long,
But it sometimes seems strange not to hear
the school gong;

I is for Irving, which is ideal, I've said,
With teachers—so kind we have nothing to
dread;

N is for neatness, which we try to show
In our own schoolroom and wherever we go;

G is for games and we have quite a few,
Come join us in baseball, for our team needs
you.



WHISTLER'S MOTHER

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

Leonard Diegre

VIII A

“**W**HISTLER'S MOTHER!” What a train of memories those words recall! In imagination, one can see her sitting in that plain room which is lit up now as the sinking rays of the cold December sun come filtering through the frosty window panes.

Time has not spared her, as her seamed and wrinkled face plainly shows. Its mark also appears in her faded blue eyes which in youth were sparkling and vivacious, I dare say. And her hair, partially covered by a snow-white kerchief, has a silvery-gray tint which blends to a certain extent with the background. She wears a simple black silk gown with an easy grace becoming to one so advanced in years. Her hands are resting in her lap, folded tightly over her handkerchief.

She seems resting, at peace with the world, and submerged in the deepest soliloquy and meditation. There is a look upon the aged pilgrim's face as though the Gates of Heaven were very near and she were entering upon the last great stage in the journey of life.

The picture makes a universal appeal because it embodies a type which may be found in many a home to-day, as the old mother or grandmother sits in the rocking-chair dreaming over the days gone by.

In fact, James Whistler's portrait of his mother is famous the world over as the symbol of the loving mother of to-day.

TO MY MOTHER

Archie Stark

VIII A

WHAT is your mother to you? Is she not your best friend and constant companion all through your childhood? When you are sick or in trouble she always devotes her precious moments to you.

My mother's hair is turning gray, but her eyes still contain that bright flame of childhood. As she toils in the kitchen preparing food for us to eat, she is always smiling, or singing some hymn which she learned in her childhood days. When I grow up I can say, as many men have said, "All that I am, I owe to my mother." And when she is old or has passed away, she will always occupy the first place in my heart.

MOTHER

George Monahan

VIII A

THE word "Mother" contains a wealth of love and tenderness. Whenever we hear it spoken, we think of the suffering our mothers have endured to bring us up from the time of our birth until we are able to take care of ourselves. Year after year Mother toils on, like a willing slave, rejoicing in our triumphs and happiness and mourning over our defeats and sorrows. To her we unfold our secrets and troubles. It is to her we go for advice and consolation. If you are asked a question by an old woman, be respectful, and assist her as you would want somebody to assist your mother. Remember that she is "Somebody's Mother."

THE IRVING SCHOOL

Florence Roers

VIII A

THE Irving, one of the most beautiful schools of Minneapolis, was founded in 1882.

It was named for Washington Irving, a famous American author.

Three teachers composed the faculty of the original school and the pupils enrolled numbered two hundred thirty-eight.

In 1883, the building burned, but it was rebuilt the following year at a cost of twenty thousand dollars.

Eight rooms were added in 1900, and since that date, two additions have been built.

In 1915, thirty-three years after the erection of the original building, the Irving is credited with being one of the finest schools in the Northwest.

It now contains twenty-two class-rooms, besides a large gymnasium, auditorium, manual training, domestic science and domestic art departments.

A kindergarten is also one of the most interesting features of the school.

The school is noted for its many beautiful pictures, some bought by the graduating classes and others with money earned by the pupils.

Last, but not least, we have our teachers, twenty-five in number, ably assisted and supervised by Miss Mary S. Howe, our principal. To her is due much gratitude for her willing work in bringing the Irving up to its present standard of honor and efficiency.



ADA BUDELL

STORIES

LIFE SAVERS

Margaret B. Hughes

V A

I.

SAVING THE PUPPY'S LIFE

TEDDY'S mother was not well, so they were staying at a summer resort near a big, dark lake. One day when Teddy was playing by the water, he saw a man coming down to the shore, carrying in his arms a mite of a dog. It was so cunning and fat. Ted ran to the man and cried, "Oh, such a dear puppy! What are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to drown it," replied the man.

"Oh, please don't," begged Teddy. "If you'll give him to me, I will take such good care of him! I will give him a nice, soft bed to lie upon, right behind the stove, and he shall have the best meals we can give him."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the man, smiling.

"Oh, very sure," said Ted, "because mother and father like dogs, and besides, I can have such a good time with him after he grows up."

"You might as well have him," said the man, handing the puppy to Ted as he walked away.

II.

PLAYMATES

AND it was all true! Dandy, which was the dog's name, had the best of food, the best of beds, and the finest of times with Ted.

SAVING THE BOY'S LIFE

ONE day when Teddy and Dandy were out rowing, Dandy had a flea bite, and in scratching it, capsized the boat. Ted called and called, but no one came. He went down, came up again and was about to sink once more when he felt a grasp on his collar. It was Dandy, he was sure. Soon he was being tugged to shore. Dandy barked and barked, till help came.

When help did come, it was the man who had given Dandy to Ted, but poor Ted was unconscious and did not recognize him. The man worked very hard to revive the boy. Slowly Ted opened his eyes and soon recognized Dandy's old master.

"Well, my boy," said the man soberly, "that was a pretty narrow escape." He patted the dog's head, and said, "Good old Dandy, you have saved your master's life, as he once saved yours."

A GOOD BOY

Irene Harthill

II A

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy named Tommy. He was a good little boy. He did just as his mother told him. One day his mother said, "Tommy, I want you to go to the store for me and I want you to get some bread." So Tommy ran to the store as fast as he could go. When he came back his mother gave him a penny and said, "This is for a good little boy."

MY FIRST JOURNEY

Albert Lampman

VII B

MY FIRST journey was taken when I came from Milwaukee to Minneapolis. I was three months old. We took a night train and had to change cars at La Crosse, Wisconsin. As it was a very disagreeable night, none of the passengers went to sleep, but as I was a baby I went to sleep and slept until it was time to change trains.

At the junction my mother awakened me, but I became so frightened at the lightning that I began to cry. My mother tried to comfort me but I would not be comforted, so my grandmother took me and walked up and down the aisle with me until I stopped crying.

Afterwards one of the men said, "It takes the grandmothers to quiet the youngsters."

My mother answered, "Well, you can't expect any better, for he slept most of the way."

I had started the journey on the second train with a sour face, but ended with a smiling one, not because I had reached Minneapolis, but because of a bottle of milk. Although this was not my most interesting journey, it was my very first.

A STARRY NIGHT

Greta Carlson

VII A

THE sky is dark. The stars are peering out of the fleecy clouds. A full moon shines its brightest to make the world look beautiful. The wind is blowing gently, and the leaves of the trees are quivering. The ground is laden with snow that glistens like diamonds.



THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mildred Norman

III B

ONE summer day Grace had a birthday party. Her cousins were there. They had such a good time. They played Cat and Rat, Hide-and-Go-Seek, and other games. As they were playing, the grind-organ man passed by. The children ran to the window. They were just in time to see the monkey do his last trick. Then the monkey held out his cap for money. Each child dropped in a penny. The children watched the monkey until he was out of sight. Then they went back and finished their game.

THE LITTLE BEAR

Grace Newberg

III B

ONCE upon a time there was a little bear. His name was Teddy. Teddy was a naughty little fellow. He went away from his mother and she had told him not to go away. But he never did care for what she said.

So he got up one morning very early, and started off. He went through the woods and soon he had gone so far that he did not know which way to go. He wished that he had not gone away from his mother.

He tried every way, but it was impossible for him to find the little house in which he lived. But soon his mother found him, and they lived happily ever after.

ALICE'S DREAM

Irene Allen

VII A

AFTER supper Alice was so tired that she did not want to study so she lay down on the floor with her picture book. Suddenly she heard a squeak and looking up, saw a little gray mouse.

"Dear Alice," the mouse began, rather sadly, "why do you keep that black cat around and set those traps? I am not afraid for myself but for my two little sons. You have such a big house and so much food that it would not matter if we took a little."

"We do not want you to make holes in our walls and nibble at our food and run over it," she answered rather crossly. "You do not realize what pests you mice are."

"Will you come and visit our little family?" asked the mouse.

Alice consented but did not see how she was to get into the mouse's home.

When they reached the hole, the mouse spoke a magic word and as quick as a flash Alice became as small as the little creature himself. As she crept through the tiny opening she saw such a pleasant family. But what was the matter with the smallest mouse? He had a bandage on his tail.

"See what your traps have done to my little son," said the mouse, as he noticed Alice was looking at it.

"Oh, dear!" said Alice, after she had found her voice, "I must see about those traps at once."

After she had crept out of the hole and was restored to her natural size, she went into the pantry.

Seeing a trap she threw it away at once, when—ouch—what was that? She opened her eyes to find she had been walking in her sleep, and in throwing the trap away, had caught her finger in it.

“My, what a strange dream!” she thought. “It has made me think, however, and now I will destroy the traps. Oh, dear! I suppose I shall have to give Tabby away, too.”

WINTER

Muriel Gilliam

V A

OLD winter's a season of cold winds and snow,
When robins and bluebirds to the southland
must go;

The snowbird and sparrow stay all the year round,
And hungrily search every bare bush and ground.

Old winter's a season of fun and great sport,
Of boys throwing snow-balls around the big fort;
With skates and with sleds to the sports we will go,
And shouting come back all covered with snow.

Old winter's a season of cold winds and sleet,
The wind makes the limbs on the old oak creak;
The squirrel so warm in his nest of dry leaves,
Is feasting on acorns and living in ease.

THE STORM

Agda Lidman

VII B

ONE day Alice, Roy, Gertrude, Donald and their dog, Rover, went out to pick flowers. When they reached the woods, Alice said, "Let's eat our lunch now."

After they were through lunching they went farther and farther into the woods. All at once it began to grow dark. Then a light flashed and thunder followed.

"Look! there's a storm coming!" cried Roy.

"Run!" exclaimed Alice.

They were too far in the forest to know which way to go, so they whistled for their dog. He ran on ahead of them toward the house. When he came to low shrubs and bushes he jumped over them. The children had a hard time following him. At last, when they were in sight of their home they could see their mother watching for them through the door. Just as they reached the porch the rain began pouring down in torrents. They said to the dog, "Rover, you are a dear dog for saving us from a drenching."

Class Exercise

III B

NOW the wind begins to blow,
Tossing the branches to and fro.

Now the wind begins to blow,
The little leaves all dancing go.

Now the wind begins to blow,
The fields are covered with drifting snow.

KUHN AND THE RABBIT

Mildred Walker

V A

ONCE upon a time there was a dwari named Kuhn. He was two feet tall, not very fat and not very slim.

He loved the animals so well that they always came to him when they were in trouble.

One day Kuhn went out of his hut and walked in the woods. Along hopped a rabbit that looked sadly distressed.

"What is the matter, Mr. Bunny?" asked Kuhn.

"Oh!" said Bunny, hopping around and facing the dwarf, "is it you? Come, I will show you what is the matter."

So they set off, plodding through snow drifts, falling down and bumping into snow-covered stumps. Pretty soon they came upon a rabbit lying in the snow and trying to free his foot that was caught in a trap.

"Now you see what is the matter," said the rabbit sorrowfully.

"Yes, I see," replied the dwari kindly and he set to work to get the trap from the rabbit's leg.

"No use," said the dwarf, getting up, "unless I carry him home."

So he picked up the rabbit and the trap and started home. There he laid the wounded animal on a bed of moss that was by the fireplace. He set to work to get the trap off. After a time, he released the rabbit, but the leg still bled. He put some herbs on the wound and soon the poor tired creature was resting easily. He turned to the other rabbit and asked, "Are you very hungry?"

"Yes," replied the rabbit, "I am."

Kuhn prepared a bowl of milk flavored with spices and gave some to each of them.

The rabbits were thankful and they felt happy that they had such a kind neighbor as the dwarf.

When winter came, Kuhn received nuts from the rabbits and in return gave them milk every morning.

As the days grew colder, Kuhn gathered fuel and then worked very hard making the birds, mice and baby bunnies happy.

A STORY OF GREEN WORMS

Catherine Williams

VII B

ONE day I was walking by a hedge of lilac bushes and I came across two big green worms. I brought them to the school building and left them in a box by the window for a time to see what they'd do. Finally, cocoons formed around them and they were quiet all winter long. In spring when the days grew warm, these worms began to open one end of each cocoon. When they came out they were beautiful moths, but they lived only four days, laid their eggs, and died. I could hardly imagine such beautiful moths being in any way connected with such ugly and big green worms.

THE FRENCH DOLL'S ADVENTURE

Lucille Driscoll

VI E

OH, DEAR," sighed the French doll, "I had such a terrible adventure last night."

"Please tell me about it," pleaded the Teddy Bear. "I always like your wondrous adventures."

"Yes, I will tell you. Let us go over in yonder corner where no one will hear us," said Dorothy, for that was the French doll's name.

"Last night when all the people in the house were asleep, a huge giant came jumping and tumbling into the room. His legs were so short that they could scarcely support his body. He was the most awkward monster I ever saw! I was just going over to see the wooden doll and show her my new dress. The huge monster came running after me. Then the wooden doll held up her wooden arms in terror. She tried to shout but the shout seemed to stick in her throat. She ran to the soldiers for help. When she reached them they were already loading their guns, for their brave captain had ordered them to be ready to fight. I never in my life saw such gallant and brave soldiers as they were. They marched rapidly toward the monster.

"The captain shouted, 'Fire!' But just then someone called, 'Fido! Fido!' The monster ran out just as awkwardly as he had come in. You may believe that we all drew a breath of relief when he had gone."

THE CROW THAT WAS TAMED AT LAST

Floyd Peterson

III B

ONE day, two hunters went out to hunt. One of them caught a crow. He was not at all tame, so he tried to fly away. But at last they got him home in safety.

They tried to tame him, but it was hard work. They made a little house for him, with two windows on each side, and they filled it with straw. Because there were some nails sticking out, they had a screen all around this house, so that he could go out into the open air a little while each day. He at last was tamed, and never flew away from this place again.

THE FOOTBALL GAME

John Flow

VII A

A FOOTBALL contest was to be held Thanksgiving day between the two teams of a village.

As the boys of one team were going home from practice, the captain said, "Don't eat too much turkey to-morrow or you won't be able to hold your ground."

The other captain, who was very fond of eating, said, "Boys, eat as much turkey as you can so you will be ready for them."

When the afternoon came the boys of both teams were very frisky.

Both sides played well, but when the game was over, the team whose captain advised his boys not to eat too much had won the contest. Turning to the boys, the captain said, "Eat as much turkey as you want now."



FAIRY STORIES

MY WONDERFUL TRIP

Jean Nicholson

V B

ONE dark, rainy afternoon I was sitting by the window. Suddenly my fairy godmother came to me and everything became light.

"Why are you so lonely?" she asked. "What would you like to do?"

I answered, "Oh, I would like to take a trip to some wonderful land!"

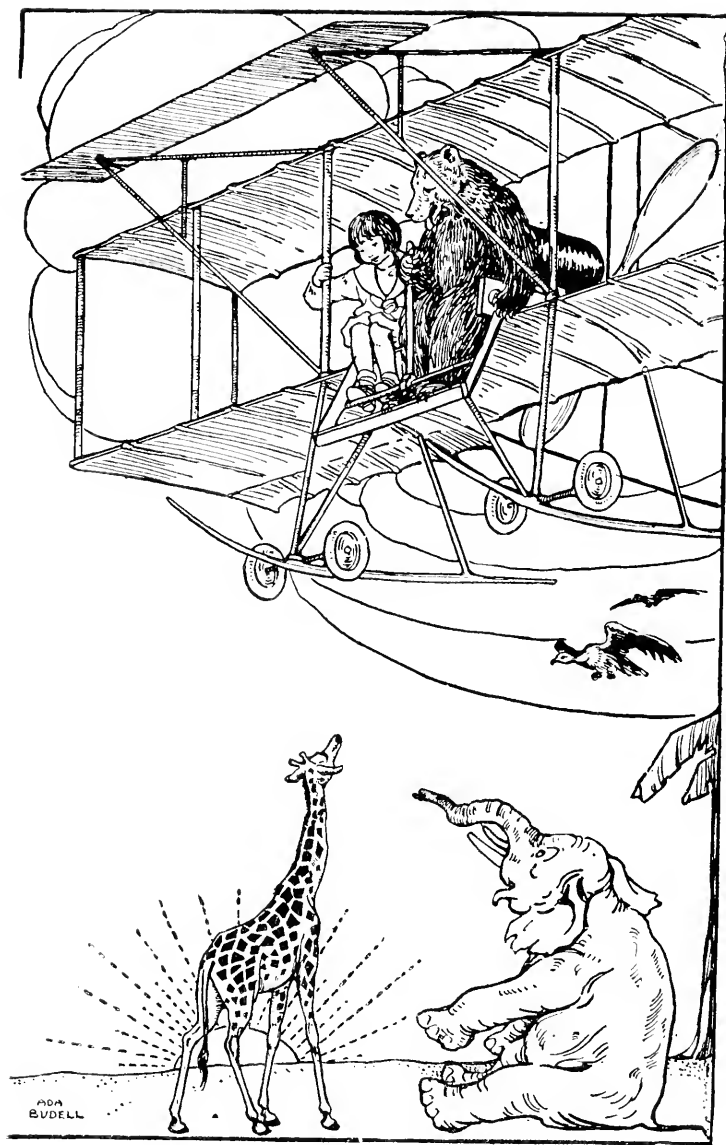
"I will let you go but you must be careful."

"Oh! I will be so careful," I replied, as I looked up.

"Oh! where am I, godmother?" I cried. But she had vanished and I was at the seashore. A whale appeared before me and I was very much frightened, but he said, "Jump on my back, and we'll sail away."

We went down, down, down, until I thought we'd never stop. Pretty soon we were at the bottom. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Fish drinking afternoon coffee, and oh, so many wonderful creatures each doing something different. I saw lots of pebbles and stones so beautifully colored that they looked like thousands of jewels. I was looking at some different kinds of seaweed when suddenly the whale sped to the surface. I looked up to the sky and saw a large brown bear who looked oh, so kind! He was in an aeroplane up very high in the air and called to me, saying, "Please, won't you come up to me?"

I had had enough of the water by that time, so the



whale brought me ashore. Then the Teddy bear—for he surely looked like one—came down and I got into the aeroplane and we went up. We soon were soaring into the sky. He showed me how to run the machine, as we went over towns and villages.

We saw in Africa far below us, an elephant, a giraffe, and other animals. Teddy called to them, saying, "Hello!" After a while Teddy cried, "Here comes Friend Seagull. You had better go with him."

I boarded Mr. Seagull's back and he took me over castles and towns and I saw people, houses and almost everything one could think of. I soon saw our house coming in sight. He flew down and dropped me at our window. There was my fairy godmother and she said it was time to prepare supper.

THE WONDERFUL FAIRY QUEEN

Alice Erck

IV A

ONCE there was a little boy whose name was Roy. He did not like his home. One day he said, "I know what I will do. I'll go to Fairyland."

He started on his journey and walked till he came to the woods. "Oh! I see the Fairy Queen! What beautiful gauzy wings, and what a lovely crown on her head!" He ran up to her and asked, "May I stay here?"

"Yes, you may," she said softly.

He thanked the Fairy Queen and went into Fairyland. Here he saw brooks winding in and out, trees, green grass, and flowers. There were tiny humming birds and all sorts of other beautiful birds.

After Roy had seen these things, he said, "I will not go back to my home. This place is too beautiful."

Roy stayed there the rest of his life.

THE NAUGHTY BOYS

Clarence Maybee

III A

THREE little boys lived with their father and mother in a house at the edge of the wood. They did not always mind their mother. One day a fairy appeared before them and said, "Because you do not mind your mother I shall turn you into pigs."

The little pigs scampered away into the woods. They walked along till they came to a farm house. The farmer drove them into his pig-pen. They were very sorry they had not minded their mother.

One day the fairy came again to them and asked them if they would mind their mother. They promised, and she turned them into boys again. The three boys ran home to their father and mother and all lived happily together.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIFT

Arvid Oas

IV A

ONCE a poor family lived on the edge of a forest. One day a girl who lived there went out to pick some berries. On her way she met an old man who was a dwarf. He said, "Will you give me some of your berries?" "Yes," said the girl, handing him a handful of berries.

"Thank you," said the dwarf, giving her a golden casket. "The same to you," said the girl, running home as fast as she could go. When she came home her mother opened the casket for her.

And what do you think was there? A golden needle lay shining in the casket. How glad she was! And the needle could make such pretty stitches that everyone liked them. After that they were never poor again.

THE LITTLE CASE

Florence Johnson

VII B

SOME little boys and girls had been playing house in the field. They had just reached the height of their enjoyment when one of them said, "Look at that funny little case." On the ground lay a tiny cardboard box. After they had examined this they resolved to open it. They did so, and to their surprise a great cloud arose from it. They all began to run away in terror.

Soon the cloud vanished and they heard a soft voice calling them. They looked around and, standing before them, was a beautiful fairy. She said, "Since you have been so kind as to let me out, I will pay you for your kindness. Look in your stockings at Christmas and you will find what you wish for very much." Then she kissed them good-bye and vanished from sight.

At Christmas time, what do you think they received? The fairy sent the girls each a doll and a doll carriage. The boys received a long train and tracks and in each of their stockings was a gold watch.

THE VIOLET

Margaret Sundell

IV A

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who was always dressed in blue. One day he went into the woods. He did not see a violet, but a fairy.

Then the fairy whispered, "I will change that boy into a blue violet because I know he is kind." So she changed the boy into a violet. Now everybody looks at the violet and calls it the loveliest flower in the woods.

ORIGINAL RHYMES
Based on Old King Cole

Class Exercise

II B

LITTLE Tommy Roy was a very happy boy,
A very happy boy was he.
He put on his cap,
He put on his coat,
And he made big snowballs three.

Little Alice Furl is a very pretty girl,
A very pretty girl is she.
She has two red lips,
And two pink cheeks,
And two blue eyes to see.

Old Uncle Dan is a jolly farmer man,
A jolly farmer man is he.
He called for his horse,
He called for his cart,
And he rode to the field in glee.

Old Fido Fog was a very funny dog,
A very funny dog was he.
He barked at the dark,
He barked at the light,
And he barked at poor little me.

Little Johnnie Joy was a very bright boy,
A very bright boy was he.
He slid on his sled,
He fell on his head,
And hurt his poor little knee.

Lively Monkey Wee lives in a very large tree
In a very large tree lives he.
He has four sharp claws,
He has four strong paws,
He makes funny faces at me.

Old Pussy Cat is a very large cat,
A very large cat is she.
She plays with the mat,
She plays with my hat,
And she plays with her kittens three.

THE WONDERFUL LAND

Annette C. Bury

IV A

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy named Johnny. He was poor, and as neither his father nor mother were living, he wanted to ask the fairy queen if he could live with her.

One day as he was going through the woods he came to a big hollow tree. On the tree he saw some strange letters. He studied them until he could understand what they meant. He then read aloud, "The Land of Faraway."

Suddenly a fairy came out of the door of the hollow tree and said, "What do you want, little boy?"

"I want to see the fairy queen," replied the little boy. Then the fairy led him to the queen.

He bowed low before her and said, "Oh, dear queen, may I live with you? I have no one to care for me."

For months and months he roamed in the beautiful gardens of fairyland. He played on the fresh green grass and picked golden tulips and red roses. Best of all, he loved the dear fairy queen with her golden hair, sparkling blue eyes, and dainty gauzy wings. On her head she wore a golden crown.

Johnny lived happily ever after with the dear queen and her fairies and elves.

A LETTER

2526 Cedar Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.,
November 16, 1915.

Dear Miss Howe,--

Seeing that it is you, I think I shall write you a nice, chatty letter.

Our grammar teacher told us we might write you letters, so I am going to tell you what I am going to do when I am a man.

In the days that are rolling past I think of my father working hard in the Milwaukee shops. My plan is to be a machinist because there are so many people getting hurt on the trains, and I think if I help make good engines that no one will ever get hurt again.

When I am a man I can make a lot of money and buy an automobile and even go to the show once in a while with my wife. I don't know whom I am going to marry but I think I won't stay a bachelor long. I know you are busy and my letter is growing long, so I must close.

Your friend,
JOHN JESBERG.

BITS OF DESCRIPTION

FATHER TIME

Alice Rude

VII A

HE is old, very, very old: indeed no one knows his age, for he has been since the beginning of the world and will be till the end.

His hair and beard are hoary, but his eyes are blue as the skies in spring with an unfathomable look in them. In his hand he carries a scythe, sharp and bright, though as old as himself.

It may be said of his character that at least he favors neither rich nor poor. This very impartiality makes many think him cruel, for, with his scythe, he cuts down the young and the old, and the good are not more favored than the bad.

He is called by some "The Grim Reaper" or "The Reaper of Death," but he is best known as "Father Time."

"There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

GRANDMOTHER

Doris Holt

VIII B

GRANDMOTHER's hair is thin and of a silver grey. Her face is slender and she has snapping black eyes, which is very strange for an old lady. Her eyes are set farther back in her head than any other person's I have ever seen. Her hair is parted in the middle and is pulled back straight to her neck, where it is fastened with a few hairpins. Her face is wrinkled. Her feet are covered by a pair of old-fashioned gaiters which she says belonged to her great grandmother, so she is extremely proud of them. She wears a dress of grey gingham which is very plain, and over her dress is an apron of blue and white checks, tied with a bow and streamers in the back.

MY THANKSGIVING DREAM

Herbert Deacon

VI B

WE had just finished our Thanksgiving dinner and I had eaten so much turkey that I was sick. I lay down on my bed and went to sleep.

Suddenly into my room walked a great big turkey. He had an axe over his shoulder, and a great carving set under his wing. He walked right up to me.

In a loud voice he said, "You'll eat so much of me that you get sick, will you? I'll just fix you!"

He laid his knife and fork down and began to sharpen his axe. He was about to cut off my head when I awoke.

I have never eaten too much turkey since.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE

Lillian Wallin

VIII A

FAR in from the main road stood an old weather-beaten house which had been deserted for years. It appeared to be about forty or fifty years old and was built in the quaint, old style, with small dormer windows. Weeds and wild flowers grew riotously on the spacious grounds. The doorstep was almost worn away and moss and tall grasses covered it. Great branching oaks, strong, stately elms, and dignified maples adorned the ample grounds. Only a few posts, which stood like sentinels guarding the place from intruders, were left to signify that there had once been a fence. To me it presented a picture of pure loneliness and desolation.

MY MOTHER'S CHILDHOOD HOME

Dagmar Carlson

VI A

MY mother's childhood home across the sea was a tiny dwelling of but two rooms. It was built of unsquared logs, with a door so low, that one going through it, had to stoop.

In the large room was one big and one small window, while in the little room was a very tiny window, where the sunbeams always struggled to enter. There was a great hearth in one corner of the large room, where a fire was crackling merrily. Over the fire hung a huge iron kettle, that usually had something good to eat in it.

A WALK IN THE PARK

Leroy Anderson

VIII B

THE weather was just beginning to get cold and I thought I would take a last walk in the park one morning before breakfast.

When I reached the park I could see the trees bowing because they had to leave till the next summer. I could see squirrels running from one tree to another gathering nuts for the cold winter, and gophers doing the same. Bits of purplish grass were going to sleep under the white snow, and a little bird above me was crying for its mother.

Just below was the beautiful little frozen lake that the sun was trying to melt. I went down to the shore and touched the water. Oh, but it was cold! Then I took the narrow path to the other side of the hill. When I reached the top of the hill I heard the bell which strikes at seven and I knew it was time for breakfast, so I said, "Good bye, dear old lake," and started for home.

AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

Ethel Horgan

VII A

IN an old-fashioned cottage dwelt grandma. What a quaint little hut it was, with green ivy climbing over the porch and shutters. A picket fence surrounded the yard, and inside grew the most beautiful blossoms. They were all old-fashioned ones—hollyhocks, phlox, pansies, climbing roses, and tulips—but the most beautiful, old-fashioned flower of all was grandma, sitting in the rose bower, knitting.

AN EARLY MORNING IN SUMMER

Bessie Atkinson

VIII B

WE were staying at a cozy little cottage in the Appalachian mountains. The first morning I was awakened by a beautiful song. I wanted to know who the songster was, so I quickly arose to see.

As I reached the window I was struck by the beauty of the scene. Coming down the side of the mountain was a milkmaid. She wore a large white apron and a pink sunbonnet hung down over her shoulders. She was skipping along with her milk pail on her arm, singing as she went. Down in the valley was a herd of cows which she was going to milk. When she was a little way down the road she turned and waved to her mother, who stood in the door of a vine-covered cottage not far away.

Coming up the road was a young farmer lad driving his herd of sheep. The road was long and winding. Flowers grew all around and the birds were singing sweetly. The sun was just rising above the tops of the mountains and its first rays entered my window as I stood there and gazed.

THE WATER FALL

Kenyon Turner

VII A

THE water was sparkling and dancing as it fell over the rocky ledge. At the bottom of the falls it dashed itself into foam as white as snow. As on it went it changed its song to a ripple instead of a roar.

AN INDIAN CHIEF

Myrtle Harrison

VIII B

AS I was walking down the street one day I heard a slow dragging of feet behind me. I turned to see who was coming. It was an old Indian who lived in the neighborhood and who was formerly chief of a tribe in Wisconsin. This Indian with dark skin and black, haughty eyes, still wears beads on his clothes and feathers in his bonnet. His skin is old and wrinkled now, for he has gone through many wars and hardships. His head is rather square, with a long nose which reminds one of a hook and his forehead is broad. His hair, which is black, straight and stringy, is plastered back over his ears and hangs in braids at each side. His cheekbones are large. He is mighty in stature. His clothes are made of skin and on his feet he wears a pair of moccasins with many pretty beads on them.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Ethlyn Thompson

VIII A

HE passes our window every day with a string of children following him. He reminds me of Rip Van Winkle with his long, white hair, and beard flowing over his shoulders. Upon his head is a rough cap which looks as if it had withstood the elements for centuries. His clothes are tidy although patched and worn. Out of an old, wrinkled face two faded blue eyes peer, ever laughing, seeming to light up the whole gloomy street. He is best beloved by the little children. Sometimes he sits on the doorstep with his little friends clustering about him, and tells them wonderful tales of the Civil War, in which he fought. I would not consider a day complete without a glimpse of his kind old face.

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST

Elvera Jungquist

VIII B

A LITTLE gray and white bird was flitting around in our barn picking up straws and strings. He would pick up a straw and then fly to an apple tree in our orchard. It was the father bird and he was carrying these things to his mate who was weaving the nest. She would coo softly to him now and then and he would answer with a gentle chirp, telling her of his great love for her.

The mother bird, although busily weaving, would now and then stop and sort of glance at her work out of the corner of her eye to see if it were well enough done. When the outside of the nest was woven, she lined the inside with feathers, so that the little young ones might be warm.

The nest is finished now and if you should look into it, you would see the mother bird stretching her wings protectingly over four little eggs. She would look at you as if to say, "I am not afraid of you, for I know you will not hurt me."

MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER

Eloise Benson

VII A

IT was a balmy summer night, and the moon and stars were shining brightly. The moonbeams danced gaily on the lake where two sailboats were floating lazily. The round, golden moon shone from above like a searchlight, making a path of light on the mirror-like water.

AFTER A SNOWSTORM

Alice Hemsey

VII A

THE sky was very gray, and mother said, "I think we're going to have a storm to-night."

Early the next morning I awoke and looked out from my bedroom window, and there before me lay a sheet of snow, which God had sent from the sky to cover the flowers and leaves so that they wouldn't be cold through the long and dreary months to come.

The branches were laden with snow, which was soft and downy and sparkled like diamonds when the sun peeped through the clouds.

I stood and gazed at the scene before me and thought:

"Winter winds are blowing,
Trees are bare; 'tis snowing,
And underneath the flowers are buried deep,
But in their icy dwelling,
Little brooks are telling,
That winter is but spring-time, fast asleep."

CHRISTMAS

Catherine Williams

VII B

C is for Christmas, so merry and gay,
H is for Him, who was born on this day;
R is for Right, which we all try to do;
I is for Incense, we offer anew;
S is for Story, the sweetest of old,
T is for Treasure, the story unfolds;
M is for Manger, the dear Savior's bed,
A is for Angels, who watched overhead;
S is for Savior, our heavenly King,
who gladdened our hearts and hosannas
we sing.

ALPHABET OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Class Exercise

II A

A is for Apples, red, juicy and sweet.
B is for Bread, that all children eat.
C is for Candy, and C is for Cake.
D is for Doughnuts that mother can make.
E is for Eggs, the hens lay for me.
F is for Fish, that come from the sea.
G is for Grapes, we all like to eat.
H is for Honey, so golden and sweet.
I is for Ice Cream the best thing of all.
J is for Jelly, we make in the fall.
K is for Ketchup, we like on our meat.
L is for Lettuce, we all ought to eat.
M is for Milk, the cow gives to me.
N is for Nuts, that grow on the tree.
O is for Oranges, big, juicy and round.
P is for Peanuts, that grow underground.
Q is for Quince and Q is for Quail.
R is for Raspberries, we've picked by the pail.
S is for Sauce, made of cranberries red.
T is for Turkey, our Thanksgiving spread.
U is for Uneeda Biscuit, so crispy and square.
V is for Vegetables, our Mothers prepare.
W is for Walnuts, that from shells we must pick.
X is for Ten and X also ends six.
Y is for Yeast, which makes bread, we all know.
Z is for Zig Zag Crackerjack, we eat at the show.

THE CHOIR BOY'S THANKSGIVING

Floyd MacKenzie

V I B

“PRAISE God from Whom all blessings flow.”
The choir boys sang out;
And surely, He should now be praised
Without a single doubt.

“Praise Him all creatures here below.”
They sang so sweet and clear;
Upon that bright Thanksgiving Day,
When God does seem so near.

“Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts.”
With melody increasing,
Aye, praise Him with true Christian hearts,
Forever more, unceasing.

“Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”
They very softly ended,
And with their music of the day
A prayer was sweetly blended.



MYTHS

THE FIRST JACK-O-LANTERN

Vera Meyer

VI B

ONE beautiful October day Jack and Olive were strolling through a field, where they saw many large pumpkins growing. As they were not very far from home they ran back, got a knife and cut a pumpkin off the vine. Jack carried it home and put it into the pantry.

When night came Olive said to Jack, "Let us go out onto the porch."

Jack replied, "All right, Olive."

The two children went, and as they sat and talked they looked at the moon.

All at once Jack cried, "Oh, Olive, let us make our pumpkin look like the moon!"

Olive hurried into the house, brought out the pumpkin, and with it two sharp knives.

The happy children carved a nose, mouth, and eyes like those of the man in the moon, in the pumpkin. When they were through, Olive asked, "Jack, do you think the pumpkin looks like the moon? I don't, because it does not shine."

The children thought a while, then Olive cried, "Jack, I know! Let us cut the inside out of it and maybe it will shine."

Then busily worked the children carving out the inside of the pumpkin. When they got through,

they did not like it, so they got a candle, lighted it and placed it inside.

How delighted they were, for now their pumpkin looked like the moon!

And that is how we got our first Jack-o-Lantern.

HOW THE FIRST ASTER CAME TO BE

Olive Miller

IV A

ONCE upon a time, long ago, there lived a fairy who loved the stars. There were no flowers in those days. She gazed at the sky and a thought came to her. Then she said, "I know what I will do. I will wave my wand. Maybe a star will fall," and she waved her wand. Then a star shot straight through the sky down to earth.

There the star lay shining in the grass. A few days later she came to see the star and it was a flower. That's how the first aster came to be.

HOW THE FIRST WHITE LILY CAME TO BE

ONE day a beautiful lady in a white dress was walking by the lake. It was a moonlight night. She was tired, so she lay down on the grass, and said, "I am going to take a nap." A fairy came by and saw her sleeping, and said, "I am not going to let this beautiful lady lie here and catch cold. I will change her into a water-lily." This was our first water-lily.

THE FIRST WEEPING WILLOW

Harriet Hover

IV A

ONCE there was a boy that always cried about every little thing. One day a fairy met the boy. She said, "What is the matter?"

He answered, "I want the golden ball of the princess but my mother said I could not have it."

"You must not droop your head and cry like that," said the fairy. "If you do, I will have to change you into a willow tree."

But the boy paid no attention to what the fairy said and kept on crying.

So she changed him into a weeping willow. And now the willow tree always droops its branches.

THE FIRST ROSE

Harold Lundholm

IV A

ONCE upon a time there was a wicked woman. The people of the village were against her. They were going to kill her. So she made a dress with sharp thorns on it. Then she said, "The people will not dare touch me."

The fairies didn't like this. So the fairy queen said, "This lady shall be changed into a bush."

Now this wicked lady had a little baby who was always sick and tired. So the fairies changed the little baby into a beautiful red rose.

So the lady and the baby made a beautiful red rose bush.

FABLES

THE WOLF AND THE KID

Original Fables based on "The Fox and the Grapes."

Rolf Fosseen

IV B

ONE day a wolf saw a kid. He said, "How good that kid looks! I will get it." He crept up to the kid but the kid ran home.

Then the wolf went away saying, "I don't want that kid. It is not fat enough."

THE CAT AND THE FISH

Helen Higus

IV B

ONE day a cat saw a fish. "My, how good that fish looks! I will get it," he said. He crept up to the glass jar and looked in but the fish slapped its tail in the cat's face.

Then the cat went away saying, "I don't want that fish. It is not large enough for me."

THE BOY AND THE RABBIT

Elvina Ostrem

V B

ONE day a boy saw a little gray rabbit nibbling at the green leaves in the forest.

"Oh, what a pretty rabbit!" exclaimed the boy. "Just the thing I should like for a pet. I will catch him."

This way and that he chased the rabbit, but he could not get his hands on him. Before he had time to think the rabbit had run into a hole in the trunk of a tree.

The boy walked away, saying, "I just chased him to pass the time away. I do not want a gray rabbit for a pet anyhow."

THE ROBIN AND THE BLACKBIRD

George Cornica

VI A

ONE day a robin was singing in a tree when a blackbird came along and said, "I can sing better than any bird in the woods."

So they agreed to have a contest. First the blackbird sang, but its song sounded rough and coarse. Then the robin sang and its voice was soft and sweet.

"I now see what was the matter with me," said the blackbird: "I had a piece of corn in my throat which made my voice very rough."

CHURCH BELLS

Floyd MacKenzie

VI B

SOFT and sweet,
How complete,
Hear the church-bells ringing:
Calling you
To life anew,
To a wide world's singing.

To the skies
Hear it rise,
Through the passing minutes:
Louder now,
Softer now,
Like the song of linnet-.

Filling you
With life anew
With their ceaseless beauty:
Calls your heed
To the need
Of a life of duty.

WITH THE WEE ONES

The first year children could not write their stories, but they have given us many a laugh. We have written their quaint sayings that you may share our enjoyment.

Teacher, developing the word breakfast: "Which meal do you eat early in the morning?"

Philip: "Oatmeal."

Dorothy, watching teacher draw adjustable shade: "Well, that curtain is some acrobat."

Teacher: "Which of your pets gives you something good to eat?"

Excited pupil: "Oh, a dog, a dog!"

Teacher: "A dog? What does he give you?"

Excited pupil: "Sausages!"

Small beginner, after class had memorized "The Friendly Cow," with its lines,—

"She wanders lowing here and there,
But yet she cannot stray,"—

rendered it as follows:

"She wanders lowing here and there,
But yet she comes out straight."

Guessing Words, Not Sounding Them

Teacher, writing "pay" on the blackboard: "What is this word?"

First pupil: "I don't know."

Second pupil: "Oh, don't you? That's what your pa gets."

First pupil: "Pay!"

Helen, upon hearing of the arrival of the little Pilgrim babe, Oceanus: "Well, if he was born in the ocean, he must have been a fish."

A teacher during a conversation with the children about Thanksgiving said, "Marion, what are you going to thank God for?"

Marion: "'Cause he borned me."

Teacher: "What is a kitten?"

First pupil: "A kitten is a young cat."

Teacher: "What is a duckling?"

Second pupil: "A duckling is a young duck."

Teacher: "What is a puppy?"

Third pupil: "A puppy is a young man."

THE FAIRY

Lottie Weyrauch

VII A

AS I sat dreanning one day a tiny, tiny being came towards me. Her azure eyes sparkled like diamonds and her skin was as soft as velvet. Her dainty hand held a wand which, if it touched a flower made the latter twice as beautiful as before. She must have been queen of her race, for she had a crown on her head no larger than a baby's ring. Her dainty feet were encased in slippers of gold and her skirt was made of the finest lining of a milkweed pod. On her shoulders were wings made of the most delicate silk. She was a fairy.

MY TRIBUTE TO THE IRVING

Stanley Peterson

VIII A

WHEN I was six years old, I entered school at the Irving. I dreaded the thought of staying within those brick walls five hours a day and I had been told by friends of mine, who had attended school, that teachers were the "meanest things out."

After I had been through the first grade I had a different idea of the teachers.

I am now in the eighth grade and I cannot help admiring the teachers who have helped me get to where I am. The Irving School has been like an old friend to me all these eight years and I cannot express the gratitude I owe to the school, its teachers, and its principal.

A TRIBUTE

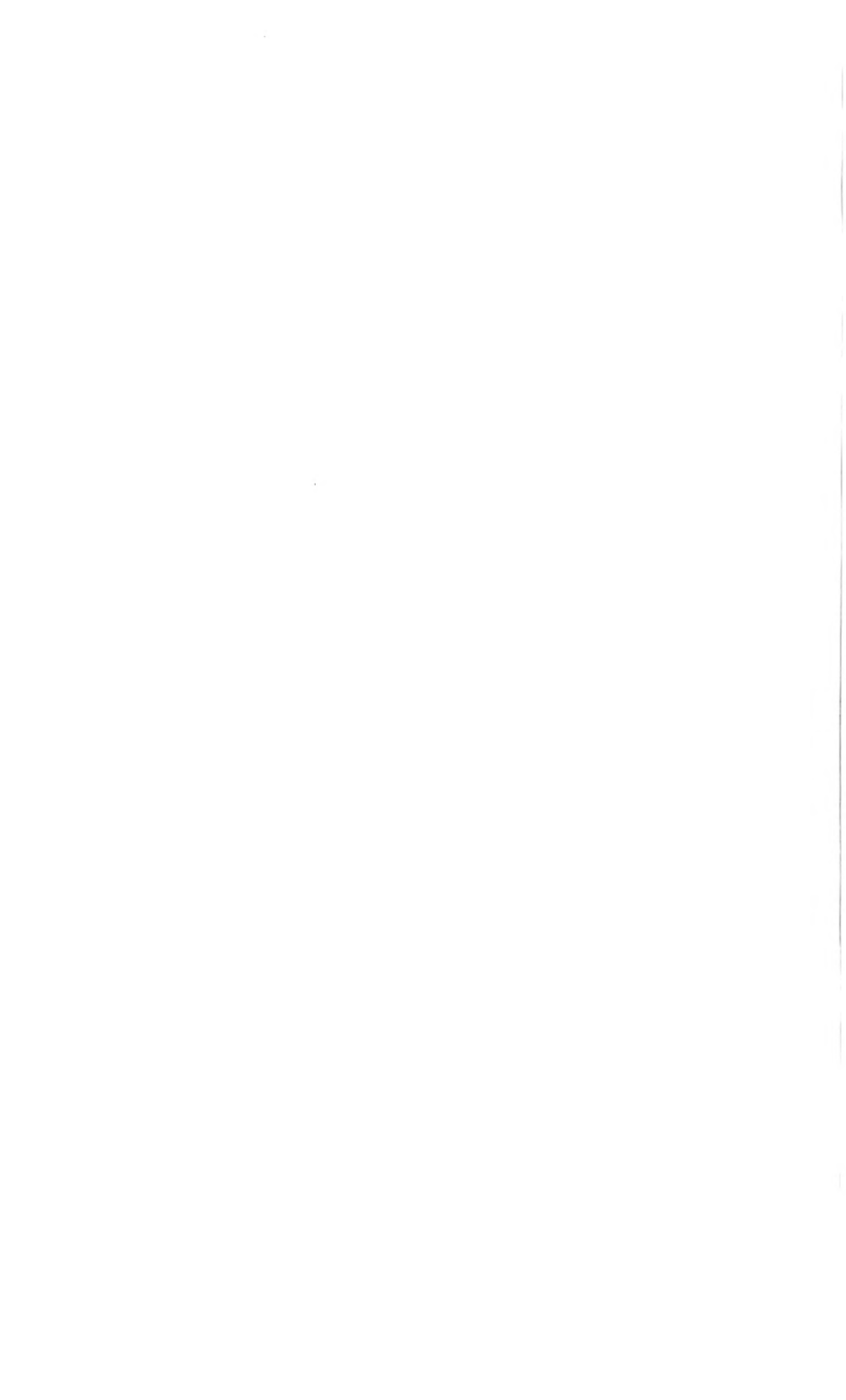
Ruth Schramm

VIII A

IT is to the Irving School that we owe the early part of our education. It was in this school we were taught the lessons which are the foundation of our future work.

In the graduating class, we look back over the long years of study, intermingled with the pleasures of the holidays, and regret to think that in a few short months the time will come when we shall enter the building thinking, "This is our last day of Irving School work."

To the teachers and the principal of this school who have striven to make us intelligent and obedient we owe much gratitude.



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